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Let us retrace remembered scenes,
Which ne'er before have seem'd so gay.
Together climb the nine-tree hill,
Together to the glen we'll go,
Together seek the shady wood,
Where wide their arms the beeches
throw.

Dost thou remember, Chloe, say,
While yet thou graced this valley fair,
The eve we went to Narraghmore,
Our youthful hearts so free from care.

There from the hazel's loaded bough,
We joy'd the ripen'd nut to bring,
While with our cries of wild delight,
We made the woods' loud echoes ring.

To cull the violet's scented head,
How oft to Willow-brook we've gone,
How oft have we at morning's dawn,
My Chloe, wander'd there alone.

Let's tread again our favourite walk,
Let's hasten to the hills so green,
All nature pleas'd will look if thou
Will add thy presence to the scene.
Oh! come, then come and closer bind,
The band that friendship round us
twined. EMMELINE.

THE DYING SOLDIER, A SONG,

TUNE.—"GENERAL WOLFE."

THAT evening, how sad, ON CORUNNA'S
dire plain,
The field of the fight to survey,
As the moon dimly shone on the thou-
sands of slain,
Whom that morn had seen valiant and
gay!
'Twas here that young Patrick, deep
wounded in fight,
Lay far from his own native shore;
He lifted his eyes to the pale-looking light,
That beheld him all cover'd with gore!
"Hail! wand'rer of heaven! (all feebly
he cried)
I hail but to bid thee adieu!
O! dear to my memory! thou shall be
denied,
For ever again to my view!
The green banks of Bauna, just now thou
dost see,
The glen, and the lawn, and the grove,
And the place where the date is inscrib'd
on the tree,
Thou didst witness the vows of my love.
"Thou look'st on the cottage, the seat of
my sire,
The happy abode of my youth,
Where a fond mother oft did my child-
hood inspire,
With precepts of virtue and truth.

Dost thou mark those dear parents, how
fervent they bow,
Heaven's smiles on their son to implore?
Ah! how will their hearts be distracted
with wo,
When they hear that their son is no
more.

"Dost thou view my sweet Mary, as con-
stant as fair,
How she wanders in my absence to mourn!
My return, the sole hope that can soothe
all her care,
But alas! I will never return!
"If beside the sweet maid, how contented
I'd die,
She would smooth the rough passage of
death;
But here, in a far foreign soil, I must lie,
Having yielded, 'mid strangers, my
breath!

"Thou land of my kindred, my friends,
and my love,
And all that is dear to my breast,
My cares for thy welfare alone shall re-
move,
With the pang that consigns me to rest;
"That pang!—yes, I feel it—but soon
'twill be o'er,
For the purpose of mercy 'tis given!—
O! Erin! my country!—he could say no
more,
For that moment his soul flew to heaven!
Larne, Oct. 1809. M'ERIN.

VERSES TO A FRIEND.

THE vale retired, where purple hare-bells
grow,
And the sweet, lowly primrose loves to
blossom,
The stream that winds in many a mazy
round,
Or dash'd from high, returns a brawling
sound;
The cliffs that echo to the noisy floods,
Or deeper murmur of o'ershadowing woods,
The gloomy grotto and the solemn grove,
Where musing melancholy loves to rove,
The glassy fountain and the woodbine
bower,
That seem'd so sweet at evening's pensive
hour,
These are the scenes where we were wont
to stray,
And give to friendship many a passing day.
Will you, when memory shall those hours
review,
Bestow one thought to faithful friendship
due?
Will fancy sometimes those fair scenes re-
trace,
And warm affection lend to each a grace?